

T/SOR/24/1/1

Stewart Home
Correspondence
with
Jayne Taylor.

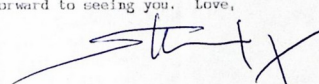
41 Irvine House
Wansar Street
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Dear Jayne

Great to hear from you and good that you're keeping well. Must be nice to have a bit more time on your hands and get on with reading and drawing after working so hard on Trash City. Hope you make it down to London next month as I'd love to see you. Erica only comes up at weekends as she's working in Brighton all week. We swap around, one weekend I go to the south coast, the other she comes up here. But if you can give me a bit of advance warning, I should be able to arrange it so that we can all meet up and go out. If you need somewhere to stay, you can stay here, but I guess you've got plenty of places you can stop.

I've been reading Sorel (The Illusions Of Progress and a book about him - The Cult Of Violence by Jack J. Roth) but also doing a lot of other things. Went for a cycle ride around Sussex with Erica and another friend at the beginning of the week (a bank holiday monday down here). This included a visit to Lancing College (a public school) as I'm interested in visiting sites connected to the British ruling class. There's a famous chapel down there so they get a fair number of tourists. I've also recently attended a series of lectures on the history of Gresham College, which is very tightly tied in to the City of London and the Church - plus the Royal Society shared premises with it for fifty years! There's Bacon and Wren involvement so it's a conspiracy theorists gold mine. The guy giving the lectures has just been made Bishop of Stepney and he talked about the invisible college (just like Bacon in New Atlantis) and spoke of Gresham metaphorically sinking beneath the waves like Atlantis for periods in its 400 year history but stating that it had now risen again like a New Atlantis!!! (The latter piece of information was nicely coded, Bacon wasn't mentioned in relation to it, you either knew what this was about or you didn't). Anyway, after visiting Lancing College, I went to various other places including Chantonbury Ring which has a lot of occult legends connected to it (there's also been loads of UFO sightings over it). It's said that if you run around the ring thirteen times the devil will appear to you - but since I don't believe in the devil I didn't bother trying.

Went to see a band I like called the Beggars in Stratford (just down the road in E15 - took me ten minutes to get there on my bicycle) the other night. It was a Class War benefit, although most of the band are actually in Red Action and Anti-Fascist Action. I think you might like them because they cross punk/01! (they used to be a skinhead band but only the bassist still looks like a skinhead) with ska/dance (and even use sampling on their more recent records). The band move around a lot, especially the singers (there are two) who go fucking mental jumping on and off stage. So the band are a good laugh although the lyrics are pretty serious. They're playing in Camden on June 8th and I'll go and see them again there because they're one of the few bands gigging around who I really like. Looking forward to seeing you. Love,



Bleeding art

The art strike is now on, from January 1990 to 1993. So nothing in these pages is art. We'd hope to interview Stuart (STRIKE!!) Holme, the man who ran the 'Festival of Plagiarism' (bet the gay press were there *en masse* but he struck before we got to him, dammit. So, make up your own interview and send it to us. (Best entry gets a prize - to interview Stuart in 1993 and get featured in *SP* again).

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Front cover painting John Baldwin Back cover Stuart Bullen 'Merman' lithograph Printed by Lithosphere Distributed by Central Books 14 The Leathermarket London SE1 (071 407 5447) Apologies to John O'Connell who we spelt O'Donnell in the last issue, alongside his Venus picture.

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S Q U A R E P E G

Issue 27

Send to Square Peg
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Dear Jayne

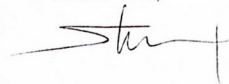
I'm still struggling with Hegel, it's hard going but I think I'm getting somewhere. Reading some commentaries has helped. The language is extremely technical and really it's just a matter of familiarising myself with it. Going onto Marx after this will be really easy. Also been reading some trash novels, reading one at the moment called Lovecraft's Book, which is all about the famous US horror writer producing an American version of Mein Kampf and how his friends try to discourage him from writing it.

Also been listening to various hardcore bands. I still prefer '77 punk and Oi! but there are a few good hardcore bands. I quite like the straight edge stuff - especially Uniform Choice - although politically it's just reactionary claptrap. I bought a copy of the Vegan Reich ep the other day, which is really mental - they could have stepped straight off the pages of Pure Mania. They're from California, have you come across them? They're a militant vegan band who think all meat eaters, smokers &c., should be killed. It sounds like a joke but I think they're quite serious. They're on this label called Hardline which has also put out a couple of other militant vegan eps.

I can't think of anywhere you could play in Brixton, although there must be places, I'm not really in touch with the scene. I suppose you could ask around when you come down. Let me know when you're coming.

Good that you ran into Caroline, I knew she was in Glasgow but I don't have her address. Erica's been meaning to write to you but she's been so busy, also when she asked for your address we ended up doing something and I never got around to giving it to her.

Lots of love,

A stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Steve' or similar, with a long horizontal line extending to the left.

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Dear Jayne

Nice to hear from you. I had a great time in Scotland, so thanks again for putting me up. Your plans to hold a Fluxus type Festival in Transmission sound cool. I'd be quite tempted to attend, although I couldn't actually participate if it was gonna happen this year. I tried to find out about the cheap pressing plant for records in the States for Billy's band but my friend with the record label says it's all done through a mate and he only has a telephone number. He said he might give me more details, if the guy who's their contact says it okay to do so. Also, he said, one of the reasons it's so cheap for him is because he imports a lot of hardcore stuff into this country which is shipped from California, so he's bringing over big shipments all the time, whereas if you were just bringing over a pressing of a few hundred on one record once, the freight cost would be quite a lot more expensive. Also, Erica is trying to find some of the leaflets she was sent saying the Velvet Underpants are a nazi band. I'll pass one or two on if she digs them up. GirlFrenzy 2 has been a big hit so Erica is in a fine mood.

I haven't been doing much, today I spent most of my time reading. Kicked off with SKREWDRIIVER: THE FIRST TEN YEARS, THE WAY IT'S GOT TO BE by Joe Pearce. Imagine 44 pages along the lines of: "One Fine Day... is somewhat profound making it more like the product of some art student rather than the leader of a down-to-earth skinhead rock band, 'yeah man, far out' Ian laughs when I make this observation to him. Seriously thought, One Fine Day does make a valid, albeit a subtle point. Ian explains... 'I was reading through the paper and it was a really beautiful day... and there was nothing in the paper but death and destruction... It struck me as being something to write about'!!!! Garbage is about the only way to describe JP's prose.

Next up, I read a proper book - THE DOLLAR AND THE VATICAN by Avro Manhattan. I've been reading a lot of anti-British conspiracy theory stuff by right-wing american nutters, so I thought it was about time I read some anti-papist stuff by an English loony. As it says on the back cover: "Read the complete story of the Vatican-Washington Axis, it's character, methods and goals. The nature of the sinister influences controlling American diplomacy. The facts behind the Vatican's global strategy are revealed. The only book, so far, that deals with the Vatican's latest partner, THE DOLLAR."

After that I read a book I picked up yesterday for 25p "BRITAIN'S UNKNOWN GENIUS: THE LIFE WORK OF J. M. ROBERTSON" by Martin Page. I keep coming across Robertson's name at the moment. A few weeks ago, I bought a 50p copy of his 1912 book THE EVOLUTION OF STATES and I keep seeing copies of his PAGAN CHRISTE offered for sale in book catalogues. It's interesting because both anarcho-capitalists and parliamentary socialists seem to be trying to claim Robertson as one of their

Notes & Queries

QUESTION: Instead of wishing one another "Good luck" or "Break a leg" on first nights, opera singers say "Toi toi". Why?

□ BOTH "Break a leg" and "Toi toi" are of Central European origin and based on folkloric superstitions.

"Break a leg" is simply a translation of the German "Hals und Beinbruch" (literally: "[Wishing you] neck-and-leg fracture") — but why should such a calamity serve as a good wish? It seems that we are dealing here with an attempt to outwit Fate: since it is assumed to bring us, in its cussedness, the opposite of what's being asked of it, what could be simpler than this "double bluff" — request something bad, and out of sheer contrariness Dame Fortune will present you with something good...

"Toi toi" is simply a phonetic rendering of spitting, believed to be a powerful antidote to malign influences (including the Evil Eye).

In both cases there is clearly a suggestion of belief in magic, some of it no doubt quite ancient. — *C P Carter, Richmond, Surrey.*

QUESTION: Why does jelly wobble?

□ IT WOBBLES because of its underlying molecular structure and the way this is built up. Jellies are usually made from gelatin, extracted from animal bones (although special quick-setting types can also be made from seaweed extracts). When gelatin molecules are warmed

in water they are the shape of long wriggling worms, but when the solution is cooled some of these individual molecules become intertwined with another to form bits of triple helix, and the net result is to form a still bigger molecule, which also becomes branched like a tree.

Eventually, as this process continues, the result is that some of these new "super-molecules" are so big that they span from one side of the jelly to the other and form a three-dimensional "net" stretched across the material. This is elastic, because if one side of the sample is pushed or knocked, the energy in the movement can be carried right across the jelly via these super-molecules to the other side, causing it to wobble. If the jelly is then reheated the helical strands become unwound and the jelly melts.

Actually the mechanical behaviour of jellies is not so different from that of a car tyre, which is also made up of gigantic "cross-linked" rubber molecules, but luckily the links for these are more permanent, otherwise driving in hot weather would be hazardous. — *Prof S Ross-Murphy, Biomolecular Sciences, King's College, London.*

QUESTION: Why is a pirate flag called the Jolly Roger?

□ THE Pembrokeshire pirate Bartholomew Roberts, known as Barti Dhu or Black Barti, had as his personal flag a skeleton on a black background. Other pirates liked the design

and copied it. Barti wore a red coat and the French nicknamed him "Le Joli Rouge", which was corrupted into "Jolly Roger" and came to mean the flag rather than the person.

Barti was a rather strait-laced sort of pirate who banned drinking on board ship, insisted on early nights for the crew and never attacked on a Sunday. He was killed in an encounter with a Royal Navy ship in 1822, aged 40. Yours with a yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum. — *Diana Salmon, Llanfyrnach, Dyfed.*

QUESTION: Why does my phone go "ting" very quietly about midnight?

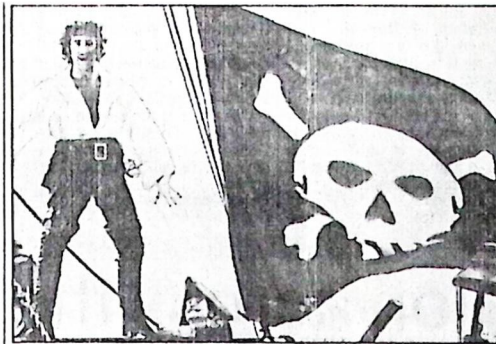
□ EACH night a computer at your local exchange tests all the lines. When this happens, just enough current is passed down the line to make your phone go "ting".

Only phones with a "real bell" are affected by the test. Light sleepers should change their phone for the "warbler" type or ask BT to stop testing their line. — *Gerry Simpson, S Croydon, Surrey.*

QUESTION: Two bottles of wine on the table, one white, one red; one label says "Mise en bouteille", the other "Mise en bouteilles". What Gallic subtlety (if any) am I missing?

□ THE GALIC subtlety concerns a point of grammar and has nothing to do with the colour of the wine. "Mise en bouteille" has *mise* as a past participle used adjectivally, meaning "put in a bottle". *Mise* is masculine because it agrees with *le vin*. "Mise en bouteilles" is a substantive form of the verb *mettre*, meaning "the bottling process". The noun formed from the verb is *la mise* and clearly the bottling process need lots of bottles, which is why *bouteilles* is in the plural.

— *Helen Winniffrith, Leamington Spa, Warwick.*



Jolly Roger... the pirate's colours

QUESTION: Who were the Situationists?

□ THEY believed in the Society of the Spectacle, as defined in Guy Debord's book of the same name. The book, over which no copyright is held or rights reserved, contains 221 paragraphs or statements which define the spectacle society. Reading too many paragraphs at one sitting can make your brain melt and run out of your ear. Here is an example:

Paragraph 3: "The spectacle presents itself simultaneously as all of society, as part of a society, and as instrument of unification. As a part of society it is specifically the sector which concentrates all gazing and all consciousness. Due to the very fact that this sector is separate, it is the common ground of the deceived gaze and of false consciousness, and the unification it achieves is nothing but an official language of generalised separation." — *Kev in Rickis, Edinburgh.*

□ "ABOLISH work!"; "Under the paving stones, the beach!"; "Run for it — the old world is behind you!"; These slogans capture the revolutionary spirit of the Situationists. The Situationist International (SI) was a

politically extreme movement, formed in 1957 out of the Lettrist International, the International Movement for an Imagist Baudouin, and the London Psychogeographical Society.

Although never numbering more than 70, the Paris-based group had a wide influence in artistic and avant-garde circles before disbanding in 1972. Drawing on Hegel and the early Marx, and the traditions of Dada and Surrealism, they sought to confront the image-saturated world of late capitalism. However, the SI broke from received ideologies and refused categorisation, attacking most parties, organisations and leftist gurus.

Alienation was now total, they believed, with everyone being passive onlookers in the Society of the Spectacle. Even opposition was repackaged and sold back to us, recuperated by the ruling elite. They pursued a total critique of everyday life and aimed to transform urban spaces through spontaneous, playful and creative revolt.

The SI split in 1962, with the artistic wing regrouping in Scandinavia. The remaining Situationists concentrated on spreading their theories, slogans and notoriety through

underground networks and public scandals, reaching a climax in the riots and occupations of Paris in 1968. Soon afterwards, the SI's last three members dispersed.

Their ideas first fed into the mainstream through punk. In the last few years, their fame has spread, with their work being simplified and often depoliticised by exhibitions, TV shows, magazine articles and potted histories such as this. — *David Pinder, Robinson College, Cambridge.*

□ SHOULD the questioner wish to partake of the Spectacle, he will find the Situationist International Anthology available at Frontline Books in Manchester. Having read the work, however, I doubt that the irony experienced will compensate for the £10.50 surrendered. — *John Green, Altrincham, Cheshire.*

QUESTION: Why is no food blue?

□ ALASDAIR FRIEND (Notes & Queries, July 15) cites "blue corn" (maize) as an example of blue food. This is not so simple. The maize grain is pinkish in colour until it is treated with a preparation of wood ashes, which turns it blue. This is but one example of a large range of plant pigments of the anthocyanin family, which are pink when acid and blue when alkaline.

Since most plant foods are mildly acidic when fresh, anthocyanin-coloured foods are very rarely seen in their blue form. To see this effect very simply, try adding sodium bicarbonate (alkali) to chopped red cabbage, and then reversing the effect with vinegar or lemon juice (acid). — *Erica Wheeler, London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, University of London.*

QUESTION: Makers of mains radio and television sets recommend unplugging if

GUARDIAN 5/8/91

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Dear Jayne

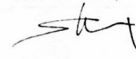
I don't mind giving you job references at all - you're the first person ever to ask me to do so, but I guess I count as an art critic/art historian as I've written a book on post-war avant-garde art. No one has ever asked me to provide them with a reference before! Hope you get one of the jobs and I'm looking forward to seeing you in London before the end of the year.

Saw the Lunachicks last weekend with Erica. I liked about half the set, the rest of the songs were too heavy metal influenced for me, I'm not into guitar heroics - I like tunes and power chords!

I had a run-in with a car load of nazi's a couple of days ago. I happened to be walking close to where David Irving (the revisionist 'historian') was holding a meeting and the bozo's slowed and asked me how to get to the rally - they presumably assumed that because I have short hair, I also suffer from a right arm twitch. Anyway, I responded "What meeting?" "The fascist meeting," they replied. "Listen," I shot back, "I'm a British Patriot and if you're into Hitler, you can fuck off to Germany!" This response was met with total incomprehension and as I strode off they whined, "Come on mate, tell us where the meeting is." Later on, Mark Pawson and some of his friends got kicked, spat on and chased by scum who'd been to hear Irving. These wankers really make me sick, I'm glad I know how to deal with them.

Anyway, I haven't been up to much apart from seeing the Beggars a lot. Ran into John and Clare of King Mob fame at the Untiy Carnival in Hackney when the Blag Brothers played that a couple of weeks ago. I'll be seeing the band at the Powerhaus on Thursday and in Kentish Town next Monday.

Lots of love,

 XX

41 Irvine House
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Dear Jayne

Great to hear from you after what seems like a long silence but can't be more than a few months. Congratulations on the bulge, I know how much you've wanted this and for so long! But it must have been a real shock too, coming like a bolt from the blue. I seem to have made a bit of a mess of my life at the moment. A few months ago I met this woman called Laura, who is a friend of a friend. Anyway, a little while later I ran into her on the tube when I was with Erica, then a couple of weeks ago I arranged to meet a friend at a book party but she stood me up. However, Laura was there and she ended up coming home with me and staying for a couple of days. I told Erica and she wasn't too pleased about this. However, I'm still seeing Erica. Laura is great but Erica took a real dislike to her when we met her by accident on the tube - I'd like to see both of them but there isn't much chance of that working out.

Other news, on Friday, I went on an excursion to Winchester with five of my friends. First stop was the Great Hall, which is all that remains of the castle built by William the Conqueror when the city was still the capital of the country. Next was a visit to a small church and then a secondhand bookstore. The shop had a store detective who specialised in intimidating potential shoplifters by standing right next to them and breathing heavily while pretending to browse. Anyway, the stock wasn't too bad - the fiction ranged from Lord Lytton's *THE COMING RACE* to *PURE XANIA*. From there, it was on to the Cathedral where we paid special attention to the tomb of William Rufus. There was much talk of Margaret Murray's book *THE DIVINE KING IN ENGLAND*, where as I guess you know - she puts forward the idea that Rufus's death was a ritual execution, part of a series going back to Saxon days and running up to the seventeenth century. We then passed on to the Wykeham, a pub that uses old school desks as tables and is filled with all sorts of odds and ends relating to Winchester College - not to mention a lot of very posh types. From here, it was on to the College, for one of our party attended the school and is therefore entitled to escort guests about the institution for as long as the main gates remain open. One of the more interesting features is a painting entitled *THE TRUSTY SERVANT* - this figure looks remarkably like the portrait of Washington in his Masonic gear, only it has an animal head. After a good wander around the College, we returned to The Wykeham for further refreshments. At about five thirty, we headed off to St. Catherine's hill. There is a maze on the top. W. R. Matthews in his *MAZES AND LABYRINTHS* has the following to say about it: "The interest of this maze lies... in the fact that it has apparently been cut, or recut, by somebody who did not understand the meaning of the plan given him to work upon. For... the actual labyrinth is made, not by the turf path, but by the narrow channel by which it is delimited." Anyway, we traversed the Mizmaze and arrived at the centre just ten minutes before the conjunction of Venus, Uranus, Neptune and the Moon. We remained at the centre of the maze, and at the exact time of the conjunction, a fireworks, which seemed to

have been set off by someone at the bottom of the hill, exploded close to us. Not quite as spectacular as the episodes that took place the last two times there was an identical conjunction - the execution of King Charles 1 and the suppression of the Knights Templar - but interesting none the less. After that I caught the train home, three of our crew camped on the hill overnight.

Once you move, let me know your address as soon as you can. Lots of love,

Stet X

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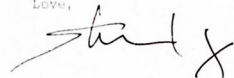
Dear Jayne

Be nice to see you if you're in London over the next week or two. I've been going to quite a lot of gigs, seen the Beggars again and again and again. Also saw the Vibrators the other night - a real blast from the past as the last time I'd seen them was in 1979!

Right, hope this fluxus thing is coming together, you want a list of addresses, here's the set that's I've got on computer disk, I shouldn't think they'll all be of use to you, so be selective and please don't pass this list on to anyone else. Some of the people on it probably wouldn't like their addresses being passed around.

Anyway, let me know when you'll be about ^{7 i.e. in London} and hopefully you me and Erica can get together. Also, if you need a place to stay you're welcome to crash here - Simon has moved out so I've the flat all to myself. You might be amused by the pieces on Neicism and Plagiarists on the reverse off this from John A Walkers latest Glossary of Terms in Art, Architecture and Design since 1945.

Love,



41 Irvine House, Uamvar Street, Poplar, London E14 6QG.

Dear Jayne

Good to hear you're having such fun despite all the hard work, that the Men are soldiering on. Hope that single comes together! GirlFrenzy seems to be going down a storm. Selling really well. Ramsey from AK Distribution (Stirling based) took a load of copies so they should turn up in Glasgow and Edinburgh - he does all over. Either ask Ramsey where he's taking them or I'll let you know once I find out. I'll enclose another copy with this for you.

I started this week by working one day in a secondhand bookshop some people I know have just opened in Kings X, which was a bit strange because it was in a basement and there were no windows. I'm not used to spending the whole day without daylight. The next day I acquired several thousand sci-fi books from a friend who was closing down his secondhand shop. He was let down by a guy who'd agreed to buy the stuff and changed his mind at the last minute, which really fucked him. So I've got boxes of mainstream sf which will probably take years to sell but I'm not in any rush as I didn't have to pay for them - unfortunately, it's not really the sort of stuff I'd read, I prefer horror and fantasy. Trading in secondhand books seems to take up increasing amounts of my time.

When I got the phonecall from my friend asking if I wanted his stock, I'd just got in from cruising some East London charity shops. In the Oxfam in Dalston I'd turned up a load of trashy titles from the early sixties at twenty pence a time. For some reason I've been reading them although I only bought them to resell. They're the kind of books people collect for the covers without ever bothering to read the text. 'Frenzy' - 'Once again Jonathon Craig, one of America's most popular authors, creates suspenseful drama against a background of blaring jazz horns, blinking neon lights and women on the prowl.' 'Eve's Apple' - 'Lamson U. gave Hobie an education but Eve made a man of him.' Even more addictive than the novels are the fatuous books on sexuality- 'You and Your Sex Life' including chapters on 'Sex fulfilment for frigid wives' and 'Ruining your husband's love-making'; 'The Wandering Husband' - the how and why of infidelity candidly and compassionately examined; 'The Conduct of Sex' - which starts 'with the fact that sex in humans is profoundly different from sex in animals'; 'Sex and the Divorcee' including chapters on 'The Ex-Wife Goes Pro' and 'Sex With The Ex'; 'The Homosexual Revolution' - 'If the homosexual cannot fit into the mold of today's society - he is determined to remake society in his own image... You may be astonished, excited, or horribly fascinated; but you will never forget what you read in this book on the "new" society.' Also a book on James Jesse Strang called 'Harem Island' - the astounding true story of a self-proclaimed saint who made religion a business and turned sin into a virtue. More seriously, or possibly for light relief, I've been reading 'Karl Marx and the Anarchists' by Paul Thomas. Just read the section on Max Stirner today.

I'm off to Brighton again in a couple of days. Everything is still going well and strong with Erica - over 3 years now! Love,

Stef X

Deviant Prose!

■ **Defiant Pose** — Stewart Home
(Peter Owen, £13.95)

What do you think about when you're coming? Terry Blake experiences orgasm as an action replay of the revolutionary uprising in Russia in 1905. Terry, the hero of Stewart Home's second novel **Defiant Pose**, must know the history of the period by heart for it's hard to turn the page without the sexy young skin spilling his wad. There's a lot of sex in the book — homo, hetero and every variation on the theme from watersports to fisting is committed by the characters with a frequency that would astound even a particularly randy rabbit.

All this action takes place round about now in an England immediately prior to Revolution. London is burning, fascists are swinging from the lamp posts and Terry is ripping off a commune of poor little rich boy Situationists by selling them a (fake) nuclear comic they plan to plant in Brighton and running rings around all the various, nefarious Trots and anyone else that threatens to foul up his attempts to speed the course of history.

Herein all the goodies are staunch, self proclaimed bicycles, proud little polymorphs and noble class warriors as happy sucking dicks as they are chucking bricks. Heroes only in so far as we could all be heroes.

Dripping with sordid sex and ungratuitous violence **Defiant**

Pose is utter filth and proud of it. A fast paced low brow propaganda pill for low lifes everywhere. Far too sensible and far too good to remain a cult much longer this is deliciously deviant prose indeed. And it is also very, very funny!

Richard Smith

GAY TIMES
JULY 91

DEFIANT POSE
By Stewart Home
(Peter Owen Books, £13.95)

Defiant Pose is the sort of prose that could seriously disturb. From behind a perverse mixture of pornographic terminology, Marxist and fascist ideological banter and swift caricature-like characterisations, the novel's structure and purpose are difficult to discern.

Disguised as junk fodder, *Defiant Pose* is the story of Terry Blake — part innocent, part terrorist — who wanders about a London kicked over the edge into chaos by boot-boy tactics and the haunting spectre of a lumpen, devilish nation of cockneys. Confused? Well, the book is aggressively and irreverently written — almost akin to the most violent of Jackson Pollock paintings.

Though a novel of excess — sexually, politically and semantically — behind the repetitive orgy of abuses this is a

seriously moral tale. Stewart Home has already acquired something of a cultish reputation for his prose is as profane as it is purposeful. A frightening, sometimes funny novel, *Defiant Pose* is seriously recommended. (JCP)



Defiant Pose: a moral tale

PINK PAPER 22/6/91

DEFIANT POSE by Stewart Home. (Peter Owen £13.95)
Undoubtedly the first book to be named after a song by Bristol punk heroes The Cortinas, Stewart Home's second novel, like his debut *Pure Mania*, is an anarchy-punk rewriting of a Richard Allen skinhead novel. East End vegetarian skin and nihilist entrepreneur Terry Blake wages class war and exercises his love-stick a lot. *Defiant Pose* is absurdly pornographic and benedictly bourgeois-bashing, though somewhat compromised by its art house presentation and price.

ARENA
July/August 91

41 Irvine House
Uatwar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

17/3/93

Dear Jayne

Now I'm back at work my correspondence has gone to pot, it's taken me a month to get around to writing this letter. Good to hear you sounding so well. When's the kid due? Also, let me have your new address and phone number once you move. Shame We Are The Men split up, with the Riot Grrrl thang going on you'd have had record companies falling over each other to sign you up if you were gigging in an all winmin band now. The coverage of this thing really makes me laugh, for fuck's sake Bikini Kill have a bloke in the line-up and they're getting covered as a lesbian separatist band. Did a reading with Huggy Bear on Valentines night, the two blokes in the band are big fans of my fiction, the three grrrls had never read any of it. That was mad, half the crowd cheering and the other half heckling with a few glasses thrown.

I've been working on some sound stuff, very raw cut ups at the moment but I'm hoping to do a better version if I can get onto some better equipment. I bought myself a real cheap tape to tape deck (£60 new) and it doesn't have any way of controlling the volume so there's real variations depending on how loud the records I'm using were pressed at, how loud tapes are. Also I got my amp for free and the channelling is really weird, with CDs coming out much quieter than records or tapes. However, it gives me a rough idea what things sound like when I put them together and I've been very pleasantly surprised by how good the cuts between things I get are just by using the pause button, although the massive variations in volume are a real pain in the bum (and unfortunately this means that it just isn't good enough to circulate). Also, I wanna do some multi-tracking and overdubs and this isn't really feasible with the equipment I've got, so I need to get my hands on some better recording gear.

No news about my new novel RED LONDON, Abacus rejected it ('too original', 'doesn't fit into any category') and it is now at another corporate publisher. I'm not holding my breath waiting for a reply. I'm hoping to get my short stories out in book form and these are at yet another publisher. I've written a couple of new stories too and wannna save these to go in the book when it comes out. I'm working on a novel called BLOW JOB, which features Class Justice and a host of characters from the ANARCHIST story (as featured in Smile 9).

Made the mistake of going to BAD LIEUTENANT which is really shit. However, I saw ROMPER STOMPER (the Australian movie about nazi skinheads) and that is superb! Haven't seen Malcolm X, sounds a bit boring to me but I guess I'll have to see it at some point.

Ciao,



Stewart Home
41 Irvine House
Uamvar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

Dear Jayne

Seems like ages since we've been in touch. Not heard from you since just before your birthday but I guess no news is good news. The main reason for writing is to enclose a flyer for Girl Frenzy which is a zine Erica is going to start up - using my BM Box. You might know someone who wants to write something on whatever but mainly it would be good to get a feature or interview (you could probably get someone you know to do one) on/with We Are The Men. I mentioned this to Erica and she was quite keen. So if you could get a feature or interview together with some black and white photos off to the address on the flyer that would be really good - be nice to see something on the Men in print.

I'm not up to much beyond a lot of reading - political stuff, right and left wing.

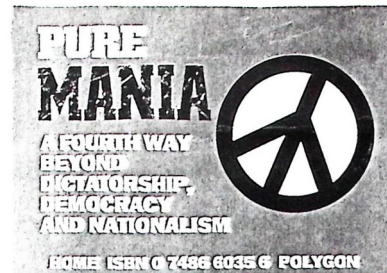
Square Peg are running a competition in which readers are asked to make up an interview with me because Square Peg wanted one but I won't do it coz I'm on strike. If you wanna have a crack at this, the address is Square Peg, BM Square Peg, London WC1N 3XX. There's no entry date given but it could be a laugh and I guess you've got a better chance than most of winning! See section headlined "Bleeding Art" on page 4 of Square Peg #27 if you wanna check details - assuming Square Peg gets distributed in Glasgow, I guess it does.

I met William Bennet, the singer from Whitehouse, the other day - only briefly but he seemed really nice. I got given some Whitehouse albums recently and I actually think they're rather good, especially "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Probably not your sort of thing (unpleasant industrial noise with offensive lyrics). The day before meeting Bennet, I met a guy who'd been married to one of George Lincoln Rockwell's (founder of US Nazi party) daughters. He was really nice and told me all Rockwell's kids were very embarrassed about their dad's nazi cultism.

Otherwise, I've been knocking about in Brighton. I was round seeing a mate in Hove, who runs Underground Records and was flicking through a magazine lying on a table when I came across something interesting. On page 25 of "Chemical Imbalance" Vol 2 No. 2, there's a piece credited to Waldo Jeffreys which is basically a collage of material from the booklet "Plagiarism: art as commodity and strategies for its negation," - a pamphlet I put together a few years ago. I don't know if you get to see this magazine, I'd never come across it before - the address is PO Box 1656, Cooper Station, New York City, NY 10276. The magazine is sort of beat/surrealist in orientation - they even do a new version of the Greil Marcus "Cowboy Philosopher" piece from Art Forum and reprint without permission a Jean Dubuffet piece on Art Brut.

Lots of love,





REVIEW

PLAYING IT FOR LAUGHS

"Tracy swung her bat against a table, sending crockery flying. Christine laid into the counter. Terrified customers were showered with glass as a display case disintegrated. Chickenfeed let fly with his fists. There was the sickening crunch of splintering bone and a prole slumped backwards spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth.

Muffled moans lost themselves amid the frantic chanting from the café
'Vegans! Vegans! We are the new breed!' "

Most anarchists I know despise Stewart Home, the radical arty magazines worship him - neither probably understand him and this is their respective ways of dealing with something a bit different...

...and yet "Pure Mania" is certainly not innovative, being a complete rip-off of Richard Allen's New English Library trash youth cult novels of the '70s e.g. "Skinhead", "Suedehead", "Demo" etc. The names, places and politics may have been rearranged, but the aggressive, rapid moving style of writing has not. There's even a P.C.Allen in "Pure Mania".

"Pure Mania" is basically about the rise to fame of a post-punk band 'Alienation'. Home even creates a new youth cult in 'deja-vu' (very witty considering the plagiaristic nature of the book and its writer) with its followers, 'Sorts'.

Parallel to the music story is that of the development of a group of radical anarcho-greens who go round smashing up cafés because they sell tea and coffee cash crops which exploit the Third World. In addition, one of the characters writes trash novels a la Allen which shoot him to stardom (I wonder who that could be?). Manipulation of people is a key factor running through the book.

All this is moulded together with murders, suicide, political martyrdom, drunken debauchery, gang violence, confused emotions and lots of sex, including fantasies of Kim Wilde! Home is not subtle. "Pure Mania's twisted humour lies in the repeated use of description of sex as "beating out the primitive rhythm of the swamps" and of violence as the "satisfying crunch of splintering bone".

The whole work is parody. It is a piss-take of the 'right on' anarchist/squatting scene in London. I can just imagine a group of people in a London squat fuming at Home for pre-empting their plans for global domination!

The impact of the novel, especially populist fiction, in assaulting society and all politics has been massively understated. The novel is a powerful weapon (just ask Salman Rushdie!) to entertain and inform.

I dare say the avant garde press will treat "Pure Mania" as a potential work of literature and try to analyse the intrinsic value of it, the Left will be horrified by its content and scathing cynicism. Personally, I couldn't give a hit. If Home winds up the straight Left, that's fine by me.

My only reservations are that some people may take "Pure Mania" seriously and that Home has marginalised himself to the anarchist/arty 'scene' and that his book is unlikely to be read by proles, which is sad if that is the case.

Yeah, get your mates to chip in for the £7-95 cost of 217 pages of Pure Mania. It is an easy book to read, fast flowing with plenty of raunchy action and characters to identify with.

Put the kettle on, make a cuppa (or perhaps not after reading "Pure Mania!"), put your feet up and enjoy.

41 Irvine House
Vamvar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

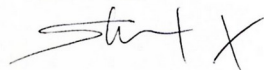
Dear Jayne

Good to hear from you. Thanks for the copy of Gnosis. Both Sion and I read it. I thought the piece on Troubadours, Cathars and Ezra Pound was the most interesting piece. Good to hear you had a good birthday. Hopefully I'll get up to Scotland and see you at some point soon although I've no firm plans to visit in the immediate future. Are you still gonna do the gig in Hackney with John Wayne Experience?

I've not been up to much. Just reading and listening to music really. A novel I wrote in '89 came out a few weeks ago. Because of the Art Strike, I wouldn't do any interviews. Instead I sent other people along pretending to be me, which annoyed a few journalists.

Enclosed with this is a copy of GirlFrenzy, which is hot off the press. Erica sends her regards. Hope you like the femzine, it seems to be going down very well.

Lots of love,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Stuart' followed by a large 'X'.



WORD UP!

EDITED BY STEPHEN DALTON

● STEVEN WELLS
imagines an
interview with
sexually rampant
skinhead author
and art-hater
STUART HOME,
whose semen-
stained pen wrote
classploitation
novel *Defiant*
Pose before going
on art strike.



A genuine East End poet geizzer posing as Stuart Home who is, erm, on strike

HOME ON THE DERANGED ...

"AS HE came he imagined his orgasm to be an all-out nuclear attack on what brain dead patriots insisted was his country." Yes, Stuart Home, the sexually rampant skinhead author of non-stop shagging and political violence novels, is back with his latest semen and blood-soaked tribute to all that is cheap, nasty, vulgar and utterly unrefined about the blunt end of British popular culture. *Defiant Pose*.

Home is our only living exploitation novelist. He follows in the 18 hole on blood DM steps of those appallingly bad writers—like racist fruit and nut cake Richard Allen—who churned out endless streams of boot-in-the-bollocks trash like *Skinhead*, *Sunderland*, *Punk Rock* and *Mod Rule* throughout the '70s.

Home's first book, *Pure Mania*, catalogued the deranged activities of Morrissey fans who stormed into cafes and battered the customers to death with baseball bats for eating bacon barmies and drinking tea. The critics raved but the kids refused to be exploited—no doubt put off by the ugly arty packaging. Unfortunately *Defiant Pose* also looks like a piece of shit thrown together by a talented student with brain damage. Home is reportedly outraged.

I say 'reportedly' because Home—in his other guise as an

(anti) art (anti) intellectual is the main architect of an art strike—the main purpose of which seems to be to wind up the anally retentive barmies and pseudo of the self-referential and utterly tedious art scene. Any road up, it means that he can't talk to the press and, whilst he tries to defend us all with bonehead band Close Shave's 'Oi Kincock Give Us Back Our Rose', I'm left munching chokey biccies and discussing the finer points of Buddhism with ex-Genesis P Dorrage cohort Tibet whilst the photographer takes fake photos of a well dodgy genuine East End poet geizzer.

Defiant Pose starts with a hippy chick M66 spy refusing to give ultra-leftist skinhead hero Terry a blow job in the DSS bogs because he's wearing union jack boxer shorts. Terry explains that "boot boys are consciously using a discredited form of imperialism to scare off liberals and protect their culture from assimilation by the ruling class".

"But," points out the hippy, "supposing Ru Pearce of The Last Resort and the boat boys who buy his records are just plain thick? What if these skinheads are sincere patriots who don't realise their genuine pride in being working class is incompatible with their rationalistic beliefs?"

"It doesn't matter," says Terry, "eventually the developing contradictions of class society will bring them round to my way of thinking."

The novel climaxes on a boat on the Thames, where Terry gets his 485th blow job of the book whilst reciting Blake as the Houses of Parliament burn in the background.

Home rams together his hate of art with his expert knowledge of utterly crap anti-working class working class culture and a devastating parody of both the far left and the far right. *Defiant Pose* is the definitive cult novel and should be forced down the gullible gullets of those wankers who flock to the Virgin Megastore book shop to buy crap like Kerouac's *On The Road* and get stuffed over the slab pieces in the who-really-killed-Marilyn-Monroe books.

Yet Home is kept from the cult status he so richly deserves by publishers who appear not to know their arseholes from their elbows and the fact that he seems obsessed by all things Punk and Oi-ish. When is he going to write the first decent Raveexploitation novel—the book that rips the lid off the world of hypnotic thumping music, lust, provoking drugs and utterly sickening non-violence that has swept Britain's youth into a frenzy of waving their arms about a bit, drinking lucozade and wearing Magic Roundabout T-shirts?

Sod it. Buy this book and realise what an idiot you've been for thinking that Martin Amis was anything other than the John Major of modern literature.

Town criers

Elizabeth J Young

"Sweet Thames run softly till I end my song." Edmund Spenser wrote it and T S Eliot nicked it for one of those great *Waste Land* riffs. It's a wonder that Stewart Home, organiser of the 1988 Festival of Plagiarism and a writer with a profound commitment to intertextuality, didn't pinch it for himself. But then, it is representative of a ruling-class culture he abhors. The Thames runs—not so sweetly, not so softly—through his two novels. They are both political rants that leap out at the reader like a Rottweiler on speed, making straight for the soft, pink, liberal underbelly. His second book *Defiant Pose* (Peter Owen, £13.95) has an end-fatigably bonking anarcho-skinhead hero, in this case a real child of Albion, whose handle—Terry Blake—underlines the allegorical intent.

Home's devotion to pulp literature, and, in particular, the novels of Richard Allen (*Boothys*, *Knuckle Girls*) impels him to insert large chunks of ludicrously repetitive sex and violence into the book in parodic imitation of formula writing. The fact that this is a somewhat arty trick in itself becomes lost in the general bourgeoisie-bashing. Blake loathes everyone except heroic street-hardened proles like himself, "wimmin" and black people. Still, the furious energy and aggression of the writing is very welcome. Home is also one of the few writers prepared to engage with the issue of—hush, whisper who dares—class; or, rather, to pick it up, scream at it and tear its head off.

NEWSTATES MAN
10/5/91

'Defiant Pose'

STEWART HOME
PETER OWEN £13.95

Terry Blake is a working class warrior, a brutal boot boy who drinks pepper mint tea. He is also a sex-crazed skin head who will plunge his 'fuck stick' into anybody anywhere at any time. He marauds around the East End organising riots, stomping on fascists and dogs, and spouts on and on about Debord, Marx and Third Positionists. He tries to make Brighton but ends up getting crushed

under a truck after a nude bicycle chase. If this sounds funny, it ain't. Blake is such an upsome oik, such a wotter of kneejerk prejudice that his demise is met only with relief. To begin with, the polymorphous perversity and all its talk of love muscles, creamy clits, rims of dark pleasures and cataclysmic orgasms is exciting, but this is soon drowned in a welter of adolescent puff about genetics and politics. Irony and parody are ditched in favour of literalness and repetition. This isn't punk, it's punk. Even the title is wrong—it should be 'Deficient Prose'.

Mark Sanderson

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
11/5/91

TIME OUT
May 8-15 1991

41 Irvine House
Uamwar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

7/4/93

Dear Jayne

Sounds like a good idea to me for you to stay in Glasgow. Be great if you can get this bigger flat upstairs at the end of the year. Hope you have a good birthday bash but I don't think I'll be able to make it. I won't be going to the Anarchist Summer School either. I've got so much I need to do at the moment I should really just stay in London.

The Riot Grrrl thing just gets bigger and bigger. I'm off to see Huggy Bear and a load of other bands in Islington tomorrow. Saw the Bears and Bikini Kill in Brighton a couple of weeks ago and that was a laugh. Erica really enjoyed it. Funny the way all these people are coming along to the gigs just to check out all the hype they've been reading in the music press. Last gig I saw was Blood Sausage supporting the TV Personalities. Blood Sausage were ramshackle as usual but a lot of fun. TV Personalities were just dire - they should have given up in 1978 after the Part Time Punks EP. The Blaggers just seem to get bigger all the time too, they're not playing again in London until May 1st but I'll be off to see them then.

I've set up a new organisation called the Neoist Alliance that has nothing whatsoever to do with the old Neoist Network. This is a membership organisation and membership is strictly by invitation only. The thing is graded with a basic three tier structure - initiate, adept and magus. I'm the only magus at the moment! I may introduce a non-membership category of candidate for people who would like to join but I'm not yet prepared to initiate into a lodge. Anyway, you'll find a Neoist Alliance leaflet enclosed with this. I'm having a lot of fun with the occult at the moment, I don't take it too seriously - it's amazing, other people either completely freak out about it or else can't distance themselves from the thing.

Ciao,

A stylized handwritten signature, possibly reading 'stf', written in dark ink.

41 Irvine House
Janwar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

Dear Jayne

It'll be no problem making it to your place between 6 and 8pm on the Sunday. Be great to have tea and catch up with you then. Can't quite place Eilly but I'm sure I will when I see him. You sound like you're keeping cheerful and busy despite the closure of Trash City. Yeah, I've heard of the Poison Girls, I even saw them ten or more years ago - and I met a couple of the former members a year or two back. What's this about being prepared about Crass - don't tell me you've got some of them living with you?

I've got a CD player now and am listening to loads of cool sounds. Still '77 punk, eighties Oi! and blue beat/ska/reggae up to about '72 (after which I lose all interest in reggae). Picked up 4 Prince Buster CDs for £2.50 each down Brick Lane - all of which are great. Other than that, I have to listen to scratchy old Pama and Trojan records! Also listening to a lot of industrial stuff - I know a lot of people on that scene, so I've been given loads of industrial CDs for free.

Anyway, I'll tell you more when I see you. Hopefully, GirlFrenzy 2 will be back from the printers before I leave for Scotland, so if it is, I'll be able to give you a copy of that too. Love,

Stuart X

41 Irvine House
Uxmar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

Dear Jayne

To try and make more sense of Marx, I've been attempting to read Hegel and that's really doing my brain in! Anyway your Galt of Power = Goose Stepping made a lot of sense.

I'll send the bit you enclosed on to Peter Suchin, who I'm going to write to next. I've just signed on, am knocking out some letters and am off to Brighton in a minute.

Yesterday I was running around town and saw Tom Vague, Gabrielle and a lot of other people.

My sister will be in town when I get back from Brighton - I haven't seen her for a few months.

Got to dash, love,

Stuf x

41 Irvine House
Vauxar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

Dear Jayne

I was hoping to see you a few weeks back but I guess you didn't make it down to London. However, I've bought a coach ticket to Glasgow and so I'll be up on Monday 10th August - will it be possible to stay with you for a few days? Let me know. More news when I see you, it's getting late and I want to get this off to you, so it's just a note.

Lots of love,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'Stuart' followed by two 'X's, written in a cursive, stylized manner.

41 Irvine House
Wanwar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

Dear Jayne

Just a note to confirm I'll be up on Monday night. It'll be good to see you. I'll get into town sometime in the early evening. I'd already got my coach ticket when I wrote, and I couldn't change the date, which is a shame because as it turned out, everything would have worked out better if the whole trip had been moved forward a few days. My sister told me she was coming to London on the 18th, so I arranged to get back on the 17th - but she got her dates mixed up and is coming on the 15th and won't be here when I get back! Good to hear things are going well with you and Bill and also that the Fluxus Fest looks like coming together nicely.

Ciao,

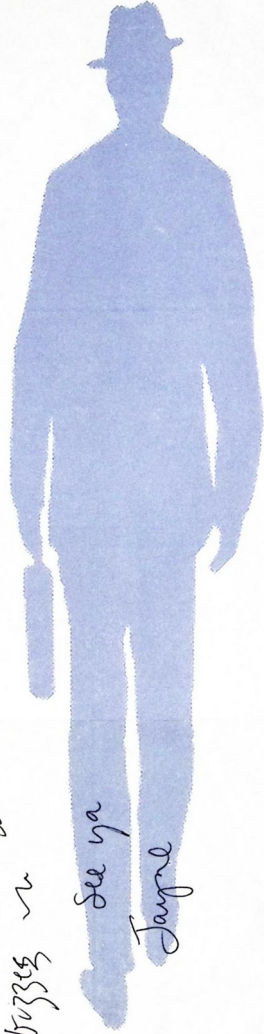


Hallo
Stewart I'm over at
Annes - its
30/11A.

make sure the buzzes
buzzes in

See ya

Jayne



41 Irvine House
Uamvar Street
Poplar
London E14 6QG

Dear Jayne

Thanks for your letter and the Von Daniken books. I read a load of Von Daniken stuff when I was at school but don't reckon I can have looked at anything of his for twelve years now. Be interesting to re-read some of the stuff.

It's good to hear the shop and band are going well. Haven't done much since I last wrote to you. I didn't see Erica this weekend because she was the the NALGO womens conference but I'll go and see her on Tuesday. Yesterday I saw a load of musicians - people who'd been or are in Psychic TV, Current 93, Nurse With Wound, Death In June &c. Not the sort of music you like. Anyway, just sat around chatting for about five hours.

I can't particularly think of anywhere you can play in London - I presume you'd need at least fifty quid to cover expenses if not more. All the places I know you hire really. I'll try asking around but don't depend on me. The musicians I saw yesterday very rarely play in the UK, mainly they gig in Europe and Japan so they weren't a lot of help - most of their record sales are abroad as well.

Otherwise I've been reading. I was reading some of Marx's early stuff which I find pretty difficult, so then I decided I needed to read something very lightweight just to give my head some space, so today I've been reading Hitler's Mein Kampf which is extremely simple but also very turgid and boring and totally lacking in content - one of the dullest books ever written I reckon.

Anyway, take care of yourself. Lots of love,

Stuart X

P.S. I'm sure Erica will be pleased to ~~see~~ know the interview is coming. I'll show her ~~you~~ your letter when I see her in a couple of days - and pass anything else along as it comes.

I'm hoping to get to Glasgow sometime in the next 6 months but I'm not sure when.

Dear Jane,

^{W - whoops! done it again...}

THANKS FOR SENDING YOUR REVIEWS - Sorry it's taken me so long to write back - we weren't even at war when you wrote... I'm sending a print-out of your article so you can tell me if I've spelt all the band names right (& everything else...)

I've had a week off work & spent most of my time in the library (it's bloody cold in my flat) sorting out stuff for Girlfrenzy. I'm getting more articles & promises of stuff now so things are looking good but I'm not aiming to get it out 'til after Easter, I'll certainly send some up to you when it's done.

In the meantime - any more news on We are the Men? New name? New demo? Interview? (Your 'detached' review was great). If you can do an interview, I'd be interested to know views on stuff like...

- Why ~~are~~ do you think there are so few all girl bands & even less all girls except male singer bands?
- Is it important that We Are the Men is a woman band & why?
- How long have you been together? Was it the 1st band that you'd ever played in? How much experience of musical instruments did you have?
- What are your influences / & fave bands?
- What do you think of "super stars" like Madonna?

I'm going to see The Manic Street Preachers this week which should be interesting - '70 punk revivalists but they were only bones at the time. Apparently they've had lots of press coverage lately but I've not heard them. They're on with a local band Rox who are early 70s revivalists of the serious Stoges kind. Horribly authentic in every minute detail of their being, so it'll be a night of Time Wars.

Anyway, hope you're well & mine in Bonnie Scotland
With Love, ERICA

P.S. - Have you had much Poll Tax Trouble? I'm interested 'cos I've just been to court & want to know what's likely to follow. I might do a bit on it for Girlfrenzy, so info about Scotland would be good.

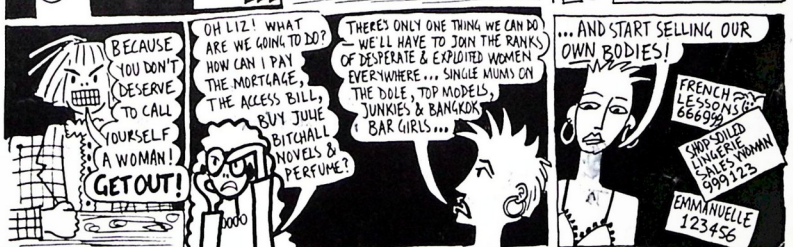
IF ONLY... A Fantasy of Just Deserts...

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TUESDAY 1 JANUARY 1991

Dear Jane,

Happy New Year — hope you had a wild Hogmanay in the frosty North. Here on the South Coast it's pissing with rain but at least that means I'm getting round to writing letters... Stuart played me your We Are the Men demo the other day which I really liked — I wonder whether you've still got the same kind of sound now as he says there's been a good few line-up changes. Are you going to send me anything for GirlFrenzy about the band? I'd really like it if you did. Well — I wonder what you made of the Surreal Geese tape? Did you need to use the aspirin taped to the box? I thought they were O.K. although a bit Festival-Band-ish, but they had the edge over Tapeworm. That Weird Death rubbish at the end just sounded like a wanna-be-Frank Sidebottom in therapy. Please send it back with comments...

I really like your lettering by the way, and I'm sorry I spelt your name wrong (that's Stuart's fault so I'll spell his name wrong too). Anyway, I'll say goodbye & let him write something on the other side.

With Love,
ERICA X

Hello Sayne,

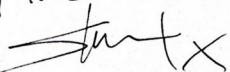
Erica + me spent Xmas in London + New Year here. I'm still reading Hegel + plenty of Crash books...

We saw Bridget + Paul yesterday (who live with Mum Pawson) as they're also down in Sussex visiting Paul's family...

The We Are The Men Demo I played Erica is a really old one with Recycle, Bastards, Roll Over Darling + Boots on it. Maybe you can send ~~her~~ her a more recent demo along with an interview + some GtW's for GirlFrenzy.

Hope you didn't have too much hassle with John B. who rang me up for Glasgow addresses. He was putting up a brave front when he stayed with me a few days later but basically seemed very depressed.

Lots of love

 Stuart

SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL

The Situationist International (SI) was founded on July 28th 1957, from the amalgamation of two European avant-garde groups, the International Movement For An Imaginist Bauhaus and the Lettriste International. Initially the SI's activities reflected a creative tension between five key personalities; Michele Bernstein and her husband Guy Debord, Asger Jorn, Giuseppe Pinot-Gallizio, and Constant (Nieuwenhuis).

The group wanted to 'overcome' art. To this end, Constant had renounced painting and was designing experimental architecture, while Pinot-Gallizio was producing 'industrial painting' on long rolls of canvas, that were to be cut and sold by the metre. 'Unitary urbanism' was a concept central to the group at this time. The situationists would 'drift' around cities, following the solicitations of architecture. Drifts were usually made in small groups, three being an ideal number, and would last, on average, a day. After a drift had taken place discussions would be held, and the correlation of results was known as 'psychogeography'.

After the 'exclusion' of Pinot Gallizio in 1960, and the resignations of Constant and Jorn (in 1960 and 1961 respectively), the group was dominated by Bernstein, Debord, Raoul Vaneigem, and Mustapha Khayati. The SI severed its connections with the artistic avant-garde and entered the 'mainstream' of ultra-left political discourse. Drawing heavily on the theories Henri Lefebvre and Paul Caudan, the group 'developed' a critique of consumer capitalism - which they stigmatised as 'the society of the spectacle'. Instead of the 'spectacle', the SI desired 'world wide proletarian revolution with unlicensed pleasure as its only aim'.

Influenced by the Socialisme ou Barbarie group, the situationists saw workers councils as the form of organisation to be adopted during and after this revolution.

In 1966, situationist sympathizers at Strasbourg University caused a scandal by using student union funds to publish a pamphlet, largely written by Khayati, that was critical of students, the university, and capitalist society. This incident is often seen as a precursor to the *student* ~~uprising~~ ^{factory} and strikes in France during May 1968. However, the SI's influence on the May events was negligible. Even without the rapid decline brought about by the resignation of Michele Bernstein in December 1967, it is unlikely that the SI's sectarian politics would have exerted any influence beyond a small group of students. Bernstein's resignation was followed by those of Khayati and Vaneigem, in 1969 and 1970 respectively.

In it's final period, the SI was characterised by Debord and Gianfranco Sanguinetti indulging in fantasies about the historic importance of their organisation. The SI had always been prone to megalomania, and this tendency reached a peak prior to its dissolution in 1972.

Stewart Howe

Further reading:

"What is Situationism?" by Jean Barrot (Unpopular Books, London 1987).

"Situationist International Anthology" edited and translated by Ken

Knabb (Bureau Of Public Secrets, Berkeley 1981).

"L'estetico il politico: da COBRA all'Internazionale Situazionista, 1948

- 1957" by Mirella Bandini (Officina Edizioni, Rome 1977).

Jayne/Trash City,

- 1.I've reduced the price of T-shirts,so for all the ones You've got,I only want £4.50 each,not £5 as before.....
- 2.Just got more DEMOLISH SERIOUS CULTURE done,do you want any more??? in green/pink/yellow
- 3.My shirt with recycling/ecology logo will be ready in about a week,its at the printers now.,logos/designs are most of those overleaf & a few more.They are on unbleached T-shirts,and there will be short sleeved,& long sleeved versions,the short sleeved is printed front&back,long sleeved,front and both sleeves.
I think this is gonna be a bestseller,so let me know how many you want....

Yes,I have seen Test Dept,about 6 years ago when they played at Cannon St,a big railway station,in the City of London

sorry for this brief,very buiness-like letter,but
I feel like shit,I think I caught 'flu,so I'm
gonna drink herb tea with lotsa honey in it,and go
straight to bed after watching twin peaks!!

Mark

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104 Glyn Rd
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HENRY FLYNT

Henry Flynt is a philosopher and musician, who authored (and copyrighted) the phrase concept art in 1961, and who played electric violin with the Velvet Underground in 1966. More recently he has been making 'avant-garde hillbilly music'.

In his philosophy, Flynt rejects truth and claims that ^{an}intellectual ~~modality~~ ^{modality} may employ false statements and still have objective value. Flynt's ~~philosophy~~ ^{modality} uses 'mental capabilities that are excluded by a truth-orientated approach'. However, such a modality is 'not in any way a return to pre-scientific irrationalism'. Flynt claims his ~~philosophy~~ ^{intellectual modality} 'demolishes astrology even more than it does astronomy'.

Perhaps Flynt's most playful idea is that of 'Mock Risk Games', which consist of preparations for freak misfortunes: "If the direction of gravity reverses and you fall on the ceiling, that is a freak misfortune... But if you stand free so that you can fall, and yet try to prepare so that if you do fall, you will fall in such a way that you won't be hurt, then that is a mock risk game."

Flynt rejected art as an intellectual modality, because in art (as opposed to ^{basic}subjective experiences prior to art), what is valued becomes separated from the valuing of it, and turned into an object that is urged on other people. In rejecting art, Flynt didn't intend it to be replaced with any objective activity at all. Rather, he advocated that individuals become aware of their 'just-likings for what they are' - which is presumably pleasure (this is never made explicit). Flynt used the term 'brend' to describe these 'just-likings'.

During the sixties Flynt was a committed communist and organised a campaign to 'demolish serious culture' with the ^{as follows}group 'Action Against

Cultural Imperialism'. The AACI picketed museums and concert halls, protesting against the racist tendencies in ruling class art. Flynt and George Maciunas issued a pamphlet "Communists Must Give Revolutionary Leadership In Culture", an unlikely title for a tract co-authored by the advocate of 'brend'.

Flynt asserts that society as it is now organised has the 'effect of a vast conspiracy' to prevent the development of the kind of intellectual play that he advocates. Thus 'under present social conditions'

isolation is a prerequisite for the existence of his intellectual modality. It is thus not surprising that Flynt's ideas remain largely unknown, and little has been heard of him in the past decade.

Stewart Home

Further reading:

"Blueprint For A Higher Civilisation" by Henry Flynt (Mithras

Edizioni, Milan 1975)

"A Summary Of My Results" by Henry Flynt, included in ~~FLYNT'S~~ touring exhibition catalogue (Bean Gate Press, Devon 1972)

Stewart Home

Art is Kisch

History is Kitsch

ART-STRIKE (1990-1993)

THE GENERAL ART-STRIKE (MAY 1991)

AND

THE PERPETUUM MOBILE

Dear Colleagues!

The Strike as such is an aesthetic/ethical operation on the deformed body of the reigning Myth.

The Strike - by definition - is declared on the territory between Genesis 15 to 24.

This obscure territory is the theo-logical link of the sweaty cause and deadly effect.

The Gustav Metzger-Stewart Home proposition enlightened the social implications of this relation: - the Art-Strike clearly defined its position on the Market of the Myth.

The International Parallel Union of Telecommunications (IPUT), (involved in the cultivation of newly-established dictionaries of extra-mythological languages, practicing different forms of Art-Strikes under the general title: The Subsistence Level Standard Project 1984 W) calls for an international and simultaneous event in the frame of the Art-Strike (1990-1993):

- THE GENERAL ART-STRIKE (MAY 1991) AND THE PERPETUUM MOBILE -